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Blind People

BLIND PEOPLE

Each day when I try to cross the street,
I find I cannot go my way:
The street is too crowded with blind people.

They jostle me into gutters,
They fling me curses from livid lips,
They strike me with their heavy sticks—
They, the blind, hating all who see.

Yet they huddle and press upon me,
Fawning and saying sweet false things—
Whenever they would borrow my eyesight
To look for some penny lost in the gutter.

WHY THE WAR?

They went to a field, and there lay two swords and two
ploughshares;
And the first man said, "Plow, brother."
But the second man frowned, and growled, tossing his head,
"We must kill each other."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"The fruits of earth are beautiful—flowers and fruits,
From the warm breast of earth, our mother."

"Flower and fruit are for fools who want them, and beauty
to boot!
We must kill each other."

"Then let us strive, if you will, but only in peace;
In life let us conquer each other."
"Death settles the contest more quickly; one cut will release:
We must kill each other."

"If death settles all, why then either fight or strive?
Let us sit down on the grass and weep for each other."
"Because only so can the farce be played to the last:
Draw, brother."

John Gould Fletcher